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P96

VOL. LXI. No. 1575. PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 8th, 1907. PRICE TEN CENTS.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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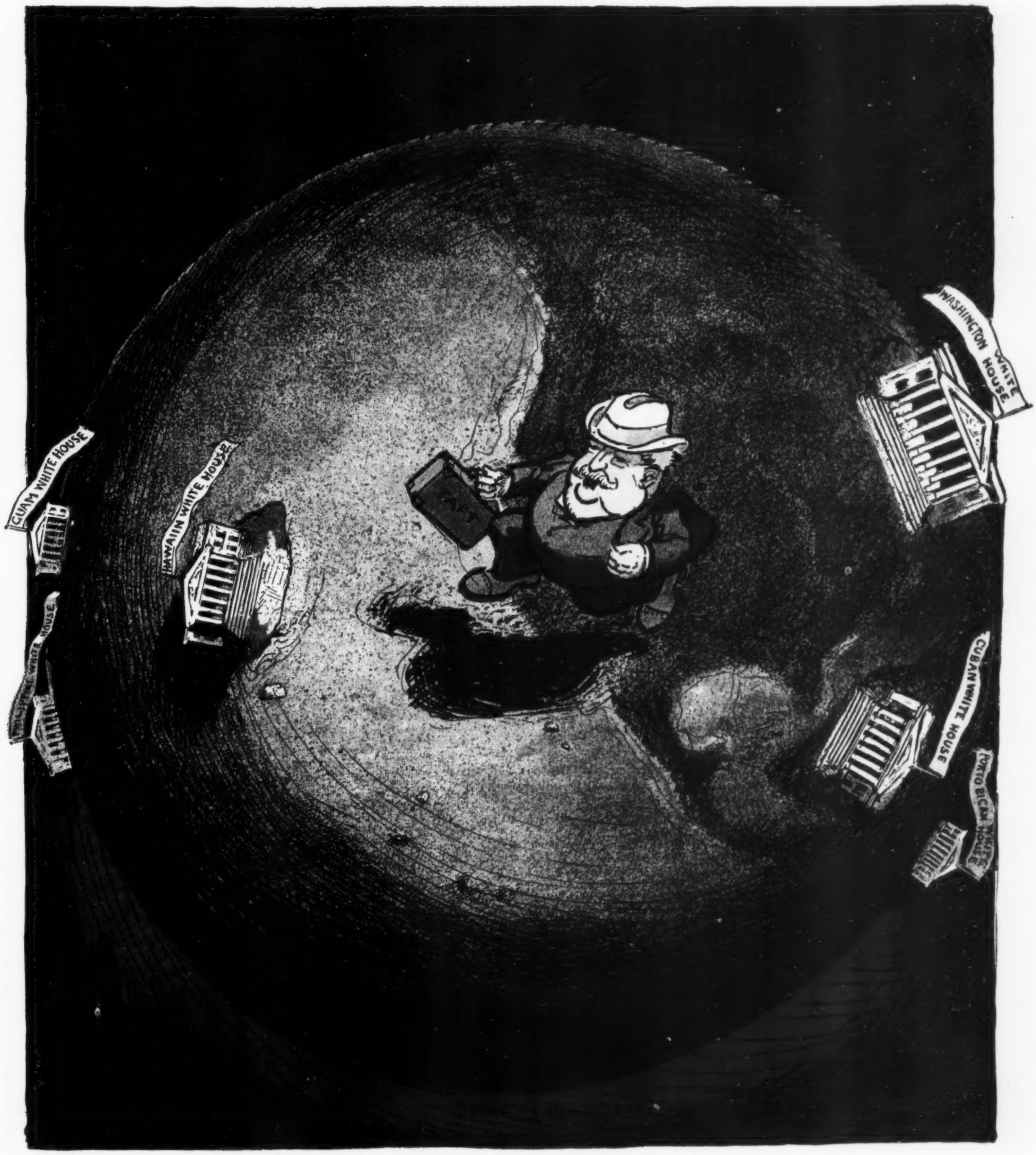


WHEN TAFT IS PRESIDENT.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1575. WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. $5.00 per year.
$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

"LITTLE MAC" the father was called. The son has earned the title of "Littler Mac" or "The Littlest Mac."

"CASTRO will quit May 23," says the cable. Appropriate date.

IN HIS speech at the Jamestown Exposition, President Roosevelt again assured the country that his aim is not to tear down, but to build up. As the President is a notably good shot, he may speak of his aim with a marksman's confidence, but a certain amount of tearing-down is necessary, we submit, before there can be any satisfactory or permanent building-up. What, for instance, would be thought of a dentist who "built-up" a bad tooth without first treating the nerve, cleaning the cavity thoroughly and ridding it of all decay? If he said to the man in the chair, "My aim is not to tear down but to build up your tooth," the man in the chair *might* feel reassured and comfortable, but in all likelihood he would reply, "That's great, old chap, but tear down enough so that when you put the filling in, the tooth won't ache and ulcerate worse than ever, and force me to come around here again and have the whole thing taken out and the job done over." All of which applies to bigger and more important things than teeth.

IN THE ALBANY HOUSE OF BURGESSES.

PATRICK HENRY MCCARREN.—Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and Governor Hughes——

THE ADMINISTRATION MEMBERS.—Treason! Treason!!

PATRICK HENRY MCCARREN.—May profit by their example. If *this* be treason, make the most of it.

SENATOR DEPEW is opposed to Governor Hughes' Public Utilities bill. A minor, but excellent, argument for its passage.

MR. BRYAN is taking on flesh rapidly (present weight 237) and should be in condition to meet Mr. Taft in the heavyweight class. Incidentally, yon Fairbanks hath a lean and hungry look.

"THIS REPUBLIC shall never be a plutocracy," declares our President. Which reminds us of a story. "Good God, old man!" cried the friend of a prisoner, "they can't put you in jail for such a thing." "I know they can't, but they have," was the reply.

AFTER Messrs. Roosevelt and Bryan have finished reading voters out of their respective parties, there won't be much more of anything but a floating vote.

THERE IS real news in the physician's bulletin that Andrew Carnegie is "holding his own." He's been giving it away pretty freely of late years.—*Chicago Post.*

With his name stenciled on it.

ITALY, especially Sicily, is a land of sudden death. And yet murder and assault is not more rampant in Sicily than in Chicago, U. S. A. For Sicilians there is the excuse, such as it is, of temperament—they are sudden and quick in quarrel; but there is no excuse for Chicago's perennial carnival of crime.

BUSINESS.

H, business is a magic word
With expiating charm.
The critics and the moralists
With "business" we disarm.

What if the bargain that we drive
Is shady and unfair.
"Why, that is business," we explain,
"What need our conscience care."

'Tis folly, idle folly sheer,
As any one may see,
To test the business standards
By old-fashioned honesty.

For business is exclusive quite,
With code of laws apart.
Ideals of the church and home
Are foreign to the mart.

And if the Lord himself protest,
And speak of pelf and hoard,
We have a perfect right to say:
"That's not your business, Lord."

A. B. Rhinow.

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

HE CAME "OUT OF THE WEST" TO STEAL A COOK

STAGEGRAFT.

A GOOD deal has been said and written during the past few years about graft in other businesses and professions; one phase of stagegraft has been ignored. When the comedienne [*Gowns by* ——, *shoes by* —— *and wigs by* ——] comes forward and says, as she opens a bottle of champagne: "Let's have a bottle of ——"—mentioning a certain brand—even those not "in the know" theatrically or advertisingly are pretty certain that the comedienne is getting either a case or so of that brand a week or a substantial sum in cash for the artless advertising. And when the King—obviously this is in comic opera—says: "I have an awful headache. Bring me a ——" and says the name of the stuff, it is a safe bet that the King gets a little check each week for his easy work. The thing is being multiplied, too, and it has endless possibilities. For instance, the opening chorus—no, not that, for nobody ever hears it, any way—but the drinking song:

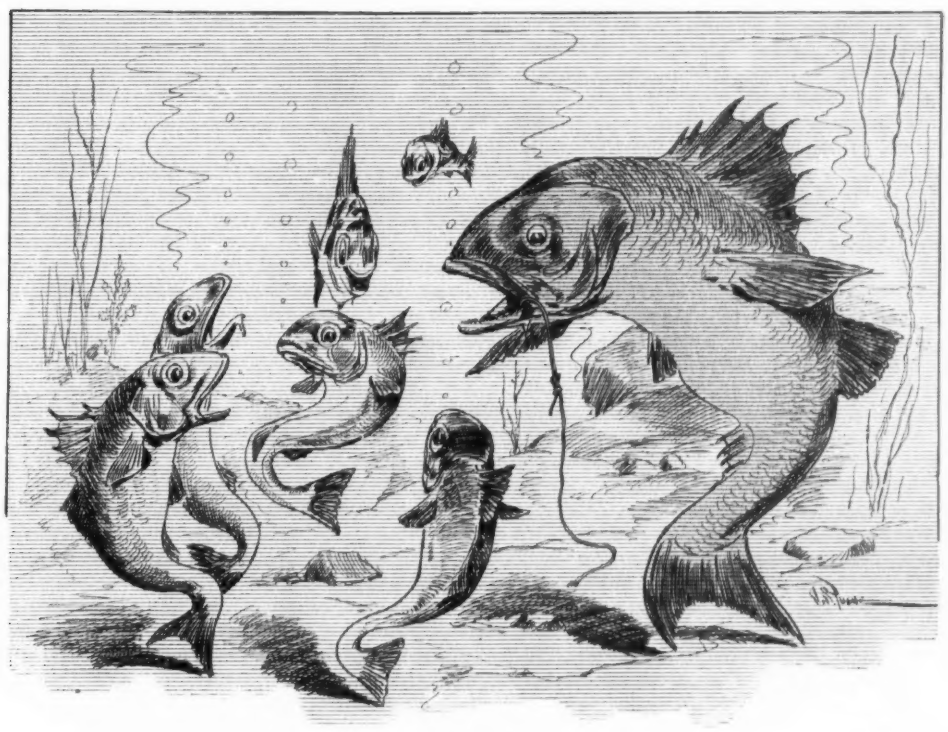
So let the elements rage, my boys,
And the north wind blow a gale.
Your worries pass
With a merry glass
Of So-and-so's pure Cream Ale.

In this way, for the trend of the times is Socialistic, the whole male chorus could get in on the graft.

The white flannel lieutenant might ask for a certain brand of cigarette; the detective might wear—always taking care to mention it—a special kind of rubber heels; the heroine, complimented on her teeth, might put in a good word for Somebody's dentifrice; and so to the nth power, for the thing has no bounds.

Neat are the uses of advertisement.

Franklin P. Adams.



A MAN STORY.

THE BIG FISH *(boastfully)*.—Yes, sir, he was at least ten feet long and must have weighed five hundred pounds if he weighed an ounce, but the line broke and I got away from him.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

"WELL," said the man who had been knocked into the mud, "there is, anyway, one comfort. If a camel can't get through it, then an automobile can't!"

And yet what doth it profit a man that his house be his castle if it contain no garage.

THE ABANDONED FADS.

POOR SNEECH.

ANY person with a fair average of discernment could have told from the start what would happen to Josiah Sneech. It was useless to send a pale-faced High-brow like that to college. He wouldn't do anything but study. Now Bill Wing was different; Bill would do anything but study.

"Thunderation, Sir!" angrily exclaimed Bill when a professor once reproached him for lack of familiarity with the text-book—"Thunderation and Blazes, sir, a fellow can't know everything! Besides, sir, Sneech—Josy Sneech—comes from my town, and he does my studying for me!" Bill glared indignantly at the professor.

With averted eyes the professor remarked sadly: "Sneech? Oh, Sneech will never amount to anything!"

"Well," said Bill Wing, "I can't help it· why doesn't he get wise and play ball?"

Precisely.

But Josiah Sneech stood no more chance of playing baseball than he did of being a success in the game of Life. He had a glass arm from birth. He could not have hit a balloon if it was fastened in front of him. The only day in his college career that he let anybody throw a ball at him was the time Bill Wing got him down against the campus fence and "threw in a few." This wasn't Sneech's fault. Bill Wing put a catcher's glove on him, threw in arclight curves, hallelujah twists, and down and out drops for a brief period only.

His classmates took Sneech up to his room on a stretcher.

His hands and face and chest made a slow recovery. He never played ball any more. He stuck to his books.

Bill Wing was The Goods.

It takes a sure-enough college athlete to make a success of life. Bill was the greatest pitcher the Old University had ever turned out. Courteous, affable, distinguished in his bearing, possessed of muscles like iron, and generalship such as Napoleon and a handful of others in the world's history have acquired thro' seasons of stress. Bill Wing developed into the "headiest" pitcher that ever made a batsman wildly smash the air and bite his lips in sorrow. Opposing teams would rather have faced the Devil than Billy Wing's curves. The elusive sphere was in the catcher's glove before the batsman had unfastened his frightened eye from Bill's crooked elbow.

"S—s—strike!"

Was Bill Wing The Goods?

Certainly.

Josiah Sneech traveled for a hardware firm, in a half-hearted attempt to sell patent egg-beaters to housewives who shooed him off the premises, the summer vacation before he went back to college for his Senior year. This was really the nearest approach to anything useful that poor Sneech accomplished in his college career. The fellow was perfectly foolish about books. He used to study till the midnight oil refused to burn. Sneech took a book with him to the only ball game he witnessed during the brilliant season prior to graduation. A foul tip ripped into the bleachers, made straight

Never hesitate about telling a girl she is pretty for fear that she has heard it before.

AN EARLY SPRING-CLEANING.

MRS. NEAR-ADAM *(looking in the direction of the Intelligence Cave)*.—I'd like to know what's keeping Father and the new girl. I s'pose he's killed her on the way home, same as he did the last one, they rile him so with their airs

---

for Sneech, broke his finger and dashed Jevon's logic to earth. Oh, anybody could see the finish of Sneech.

Hoodooed from the start, and a man marked for the cold unconcern of a world that was eagerly waiting for a stalwart, popular, wide-awake fellow like Bill Wing.

Bill was graduated. Some of the more conservative professors did not fully understand how the athletic committee fixed it.

Also, Josiah Sneech was graduated.

Poor Sneech! What a struggle with an unappreciative world was to come to him!

Already, he was catalogued as a failure by such persons as ever let their eyes rest upon his pallid, mournful features, his painfully stooping shoulders, and his forlorn, hopeless aspect. He looked like a ruin.

The post college career of Bill Wing began right away. It differed no whit in brilliance from his effulgent college existence. Bill pitched winning ball for the Giants all summer. His salary was said to be the highest ever paid to a "Youngster."

By some unexpected vagary of Fate, Josiah Sneech landed a job shortly after graduation. He read law, and worked as office-boy at $3 per week, in a dingy office where daylight was a myth and got in only by accident.

And Sneech did nothing but get disliked by the Junior clerks on account of his disgusting habit of studiousness.

On the Diamond, Bill Wing was winning the plaudits of the multitude.

Eleven years fled. Eleven years on diamond and in dingy office.

In a sumptuous library a keen-eyed man was turning the pages of his newspaper carelessly. He brushed back the hair from his brow. The diamond on his finger caught a ray of light from the ten-thousand dollar mirror across the room and flashed gorgeously. The gentleman's eye fell upon glaring headlines, as follows:

"Sneech Wins in Brilliant Battle."
"Eminent Young Corporation Counsel Puts Legal Talent to Rout."

"M-m!" said the gentleman. "M-m!" He appeared in no wise displeased. Rising, he threw out his chest, and paced back and forth upon the thick velvet carpet. Presently, he touched a silver bell. An obsequious serving man appeared.

"James," said the gentleman, "I wish you to order the barouche for ten thirty."

"Yes, sir," said James.

Sinking into his four hundred and eighty dollar easy chair, the gentleman again perused his newspaper. His eye caught the item:

"Billy Wing, the old star twirler of the Giants, is in a bad way. Hot Springs hasn't touched his rheumatism and his arm has gone. Dope Maguire had an eye on Wing for the Central New York League, this season, but, as Dope puts it, 'the only thing in the game that ought to be glass is the home umpire's eye.'"

"Poor Bill!" said Josiah Sneech, as he laid down the paper.

Fred. Ladd.

A LITTLE LESSON IN HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

"This talk of increased cost of living is no fake. Look at last month's meat bill—chops gone up two cents a pound. We *must* economize or I can't save a cent!

"Hey, you fellers! Find two chairs and pull up to this table. You're just in time for a round on *me*. I'm paying for this one! What'll you have?"

IN PREHISTORIC NEWPORT.

PUT TOGETHER BY PROFESSOR LARRY HEHR OF THE CASINO INSTITUTE OF APPLIED FOOLISHNESS.

TO W. SHAKE.

THE critics all, oh William Shake,
Believe if you were writing now
You never could a living make
Or keep the laurels on your brow.

They're certain in these lively days
That ill you'd fare among the lot
Of mountebanks whose so-called plays
Are rigmaroles of tommy-rot.

This may be true as gospel, still
If they were writing in the times
When you by superhuman skill
Were making lasting fame and dimes,

Could they have with their wooden wit
And prime canned thought, and gall red-hot
Which makes the vulgar Broadway hit,
Have won the bays and boiled the pot?

I know just what you feel, I think,
The silence though you do not break —
I know it by that subtle wink,
And grin, oh dear old William Shake!

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE SILVER-LINING.

"TERRIBLE ACCIDENT you had on your road," observed the sympathizing friend.

"Oh, not so bad," replied the railway president, cheerily. "You see there ain't a single one can be identified except the engineer and a couple of firemen."

A FRIGHTFUL RUMOR.

CECIL. — Poor Algy Daffington is on the verge of complete nervous prostration and mental breakdown over a criminally stupid rumor.

PERCY. — My word! It's the first I'd heard of it. What agitated the dear boy so?

CECIL. — Some anonymous writer has declared that in the very near future valets will no longer be fashionable.

THE BEST WAY.

ROSENBERG, THE CLOTHIER. — Little Abie found a big roll of bills on der sidevalk?

MRS. ROSENBERG. — Vill you advertize der money?

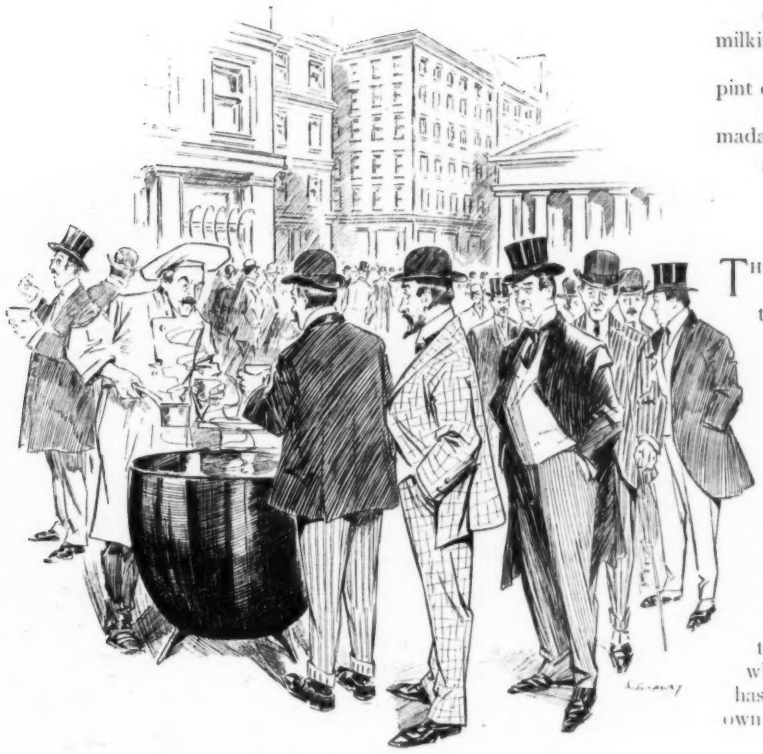
ROSENBERG. — Vell, I'll put der money in new stock an' advertize der goods!

A NOTABLE EXCEPTION.

TEACHER. — Remember, Willie, one great principle — one which you must never fail to follow — and that is, always associate with better people than you are.

WILLIE (*seeking the light*). — Why doesn't God?

Some people make a cloak of their religion, while others make a whole suit.



THE COMING WALL STREET PANIC.

SECRETARY CORTELYOU ESTABLISHES FREE SOUP KITCHENS FOR THE RELIEF OF SMALL INVESTORS.

PURE MILK.

SCENE — *Milk Company Office. Enter* MRS. H. Y. JEANE, *followed timidly by* MR. JEANE, *with money.*

MRS. J. *(to* CLERK*).*— Have you certified milk?

CLERK.— Yes, madam.

MRS. J.— How much is it a pint?

CLERK.— We sell it only by the quart, madam — fifteen cents a quart.

*(*MR. JEANE *sighs deeply.)*

MRS. J.— What other milk do you have?

CLERK *(producing bottle).*— Here is a very nice line of milk, warranted not to turn or sour, harmless to drink, a child can use it, guaranteed for one year.

MRS. J. *(severely).* — Is this milk inspected?

CLERK.— Oh yes, indeed, madam. Certainly, madam.

MRS. J.— I mean, are the *cows* inspected?

CLERK.— Yes, madam, certainly; inspected, pasteurized, sterilized, and boiled.

MRS. J. *(inexorably).*— How often?

CLERK.— How— Oh, regularly inspected by our veterinaries.

MRS. J. *(cunningly).*— In that case, how is the certified milk superior to this?

CLERK.— The Certified Milk Company has a staff of special veterinaries, sworn in by the President of the United States, and under $20,000 bond to examine microscopically every teaspoonful of milk milked from their cows.

MRS. J. *(sniffing the bottle with a rapt expression).*— Whence comes this milk?

CLERK.— From Cowley-on-Hudson.

MRS. J. *(horrified).*— Is it transported by the old side-wheel ferryboats?

CLERK *(equally horrified).*— God forbid, madam! Twin-screw propeller, all-steel boats only, with water-tight compartments filled with the best germicides.

MRS. J. — Are prophylactic tooth-brushes used for cleaning the teeth of these cows?

CLERK.— Certainly, madam; morning, evening, and before milking.

MRS. J. *(breathing more freely).*— In that case, I will take a pint of this milk please.

CLERK.— Yes, madam. Six cents, please, madam. Thank you, madam. Good-afternoon, madam.

(Exeunt MR. *and* MRS. H. Y. JEANE *with buoyant tread.)*

D. G. M.

NOAH UNDER SUSPICION.

THE last copy of the *Aarat Journal*, published three days before the flood, has recently been excavated from the top drawer of an Oriental Magnate's desk.

It says editorially:

"The radical utterances of old man Noah are to be strongly deprecated by all conservative citizens. Especially do we deplore his unwarranted attacks on the Sin Trust and its worthy board of directors.

"Aside from the fact that these gentlemen stand very high in the community, such wild denunciation and predictions as our people listened to last evening are likely to produce an unsettled condition of affairs and damage business.

"It is generally believed that his motives are not above suspicion. In fact, those who are well informed hint that the old man has some watered and undigested stock of his own which he expects to float as soon as the Sin Trust is swamped.

THE MAINE SQUEEZE.

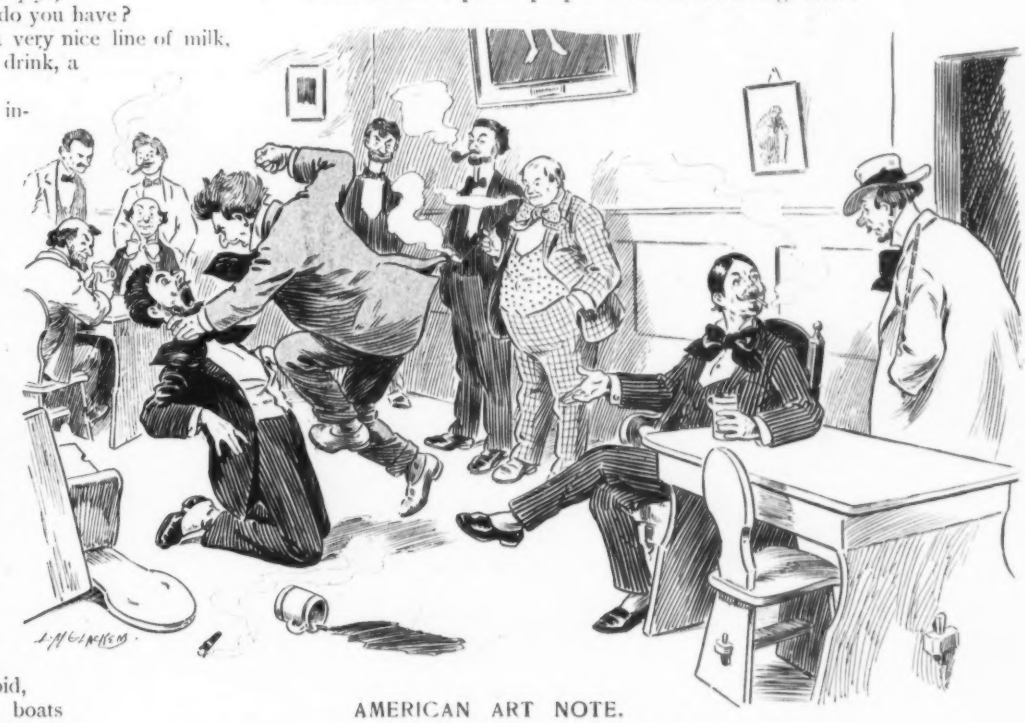
INS, OUTS, UPS AND DOWNS.

WHEN I was sick I called them in,
The doctors of the town —
I hoped that they might build me up,
They only pulled me down.
Soon I was ill and in my bed,
And I began to doubt, —
The treatment that had laid me up
Perhaps might lay me out.

For very shortly I became
The sickest man in town —
And yet they would not give me up,
They who had got me down.
But I got well, and this is how
The thing was brought about:
Before I had quite given in,
My coin had given out!

Joseph Dana Miller.

PEACE hath its victories, but the question is, will these raise up heroes which a proud people will name their dogs after?



AMERICAN ART NOTE.

ARTIST MAWLSTICK.— Say, that's disgraceful! Why doesn't somebody separate 'em and bring 'em to their senses?

ARTIST VAN HILITE — Oh, let 'em scrap. They're bound to fight it out. Wouldn't *you* biff a fellow if he called you an Academician?

THE PUCK PRESS

ELISHA ROOSEVELT SICKETH THE BEARS UPO

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM

RS UPON THE BAD BOYS OF WALL STREET.

May Melange.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN, ADVISES.

"The Eskimo as a race is doomed. The white man is killing him with liquor and vices."—*W. T. Grenfell.*

DON'T murmur, little Eskimos,
Your case is like your brother Lo's
He, too, has borne upon his back
The burden of the brown and black.
On us the White Man's blandishments
Have fallen like a pestilence.
We've reaped, we aborigines,
A dismal harvest of disease.
But palaces and churches stand
Where once was virgin forest land;
And what boots *your* immortal soul
When man draws nearer to the Pole.
He's killing you with rum and vice,
But he is conquering the ice,
That he may sometime proudly say,
When as a race you've passed away:
"Of all save South I stand possessed;
There is no North, or East, or West."
How trifling weighs your sacrifice,
Your load of drunkenness and vice!
Brother, 'tis fate. Hope not to stay
The proud Caucasian on his way,
Seek not to block the White Man's goal,
Nor check his progress to the Pole.

With characteristic modesty, Elbert Hubbard, the Literary Violet, prints a testimonial to the effect that he is one of the greatest writers in the world to-day, because, among other things, "he uses as many words as Shakespeare." It is true that Mr. Hubbard is a Gabby Person, and, for all we know, he may have used more words than Shakespeare; but we don't care especially for the way he groups his words. Considered as individual words, Shakespeare's symbols were not remarkable, but he certainly had the trick of bunching them to advantage.

The mother of Secretary Taft does not wish him to be President. "His is a judicial mind," she says, "and he loves law." Does this mean that Mr. Taft would be unable to continue and carry out Mr. Roosevelt's policies?

One is naturally distressed to learn that the unsteadiness of the stock market has diminished the daily takings of the high-price restaurants in Gotham; but the restaurants which display their larders in the front window are feeding as many people as usual.

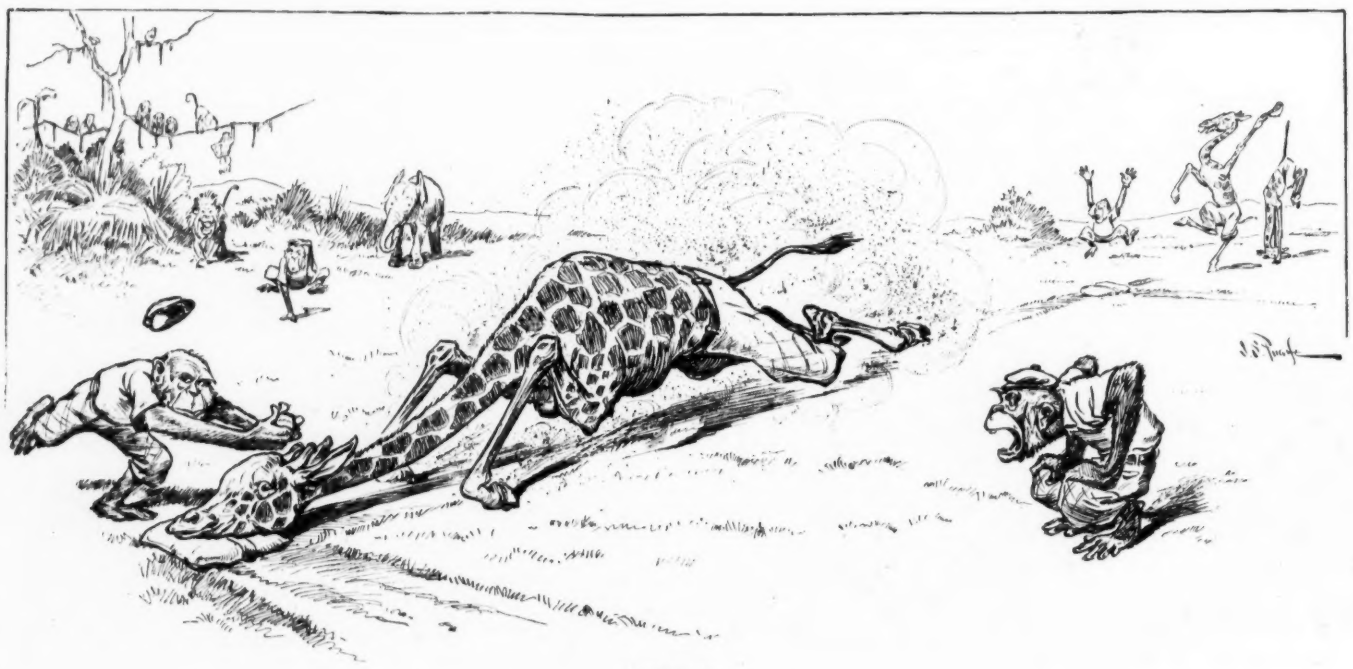
Trade unionists have branded our honored President as "a liar from top to bottom." Verily, they that live by the sword shall perish by the sword.

Harper's is really our "militant weekly." It is equipped with a Fife and a Flagg, and it is completely Harveyized. *B. L. T.*

THE NEXT BEST THING.

THE KID'S MOTHER.—Of course people joke about it and all that, but just the same Baby *may* grow up to be President.

THE FAMILY FRIEND.—Or if not President, he may become "a Deliberate and Unqualified Falsifier," which is almost as prominent, you know.



SAFE!!!

PITCHER MONK (*of the Simian Field Club nine*).—Holy Chadwick! Look at that slide! I *told* 'em not to play this team!

WHAT IF THEY DID SELL EVERYTHING?

THEY'VE GOT THAT AUTO NOW.

A GREEK TRAGEDY.

THERE was once a young Greek shepherd named Steve who used to spend his time warbling lays of love about the Doric Hills. But though Steve was the champion sheep tender when it came to metaphors and fingers-like-the-rosy-dawn-poetry, and various other hyperbolics, it was noticed that he kept hanging on and hanging on in the bachelor class.

Occasionally some of his friends would rail at him and say, "How now, Steve! Was't not a fortnight since thou sangest of the joys of wedded life and Chloe's neatly turned ankles, yet here thou still art, by Zeus, as lusty a bachelor as ever scoffed at the arrows of Eros."

Then Steve would scowl and explain that Chloe was all right just now but just wait till she was fifteen years older and see how that short-waisted effect would make the angels weep.

"But," his friends would protest, "one month ago thou sangest the praises of fair Phyllis. Surely thou wilt admit there was no short-waistedness there."

"No," Steve would say; "but Phyllis was too thin. You just wait till she's fifteen years older and see how you can stick marbles in her cheeks."

In the same way Clarinda was too quick-tempered and Doris had irregular teeth and Helen was such a jealous little thing, and anyhow just wait till they were fifteen years older.

So things rested till one day the Doric Hills were brightened by the arrival of a kittenish stranger who wore a veil and swore that she wouldn't marry the best-looking and wealthiest shepherd in Greece or out of it.

Of course it was all off with Steve and two months later the once happy but critical herder was a married man able to account for every second of his waking time and with a standing ad. for a good plain cook and a second girl in both papers.

When kind friends tried to point out to Steve (and with entire truth) that his wife had already reached the fifteen-years-older stage, that she was so short-waisted that she had to toss up to tell her belt from her collar; that her cheeks caved in so far that she looked like before taking; and that she was uncertainly tempered and wore false teeth and was as open-minded as a dyspeptic wild-cat, Steve would say in a trembling voice that they didn't know that girl—that he'd never believed in women before but that now he just wondered what he'd ever done to deserve this fairest blossom on the Tree of Life.

Moral: It's hard on posterity, but then what's posterity ever done for us?

Horatio Winslow.

LITERALLY SPEAKING.

BARTENDER.—What'll it be, sir?
BOSTON MAN.—It will probably be blended and exceedingly impure. My preference, however, is for a slight reflection of rye.

Some people discharge their obligations while others merely dismiss theirs.

Pure good old RED TOP RYE

RED TOP RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, } NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Comfort for Men
WASHBURNE
Patent Improved
FASTENERS
With the
BULL-DOG GRIP
Beware of Imitations
Key Chains - - 25c
Scarf Holders - - 10c
Cuff Holders - - 20c
Bachelor Buttons - 10c
Sold everywhere or sent postpaid. Catalog free.
AMERICAN RING CO.
Dept. 90, Waterbury, Conn.

THE SECRET.

He.

Have my eyes not told the secret
That has long been in my breast?
Have you, as I lingered with you,
Never known nor never guessed?
Need I beg of you to listen,
Need I grope for words to tell,
Since my glances have betrayed me,
Since you know the truth so well?

She

Yes, your eyes have oft betrayed you;
All that you could tell I know;
I have learned your heart's dear secret,
You revealed it long ago;
By your sighs and by your glances
All that you could whisper now
I have learned with glad assurance—
But repeat it, anyhow.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and damp, and get tired easily. If you have aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Cures aching, swollen, sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves Chilblains, corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

White Rock

"The Champagne of Waters"

NOT HARMONIOUS.

"You have a fine library," we say to our friend who has just rallied from the shock of discovering a ledge of solid gold in Nevada. "You seem to have all the great writers except Shakespeare. How is it that you have none of his works?"

"Well, it's this way," he tells us. "I did try to get a set of his books, because I think them literary fellows ought to be encouraged, but every blamed book of his was either an inch too long or an inch too short for my shelves."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

A TOLERANT VIEW.

THE FROG.—I know it's popular among prize fighters and others, but I'm too broad-minded, I hope, to draw the color line.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

CHESS NOTE.

REDD.—I see Edwin Anthony, in an article published in the Chess-Players' Chronicle, computed approximately that the number of ways of playing only the first ten moves on each side is 169,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000,000.

GREENE.—That's a surprise to me. I've never tried more than 123,517,289,444,961,000 of them.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A SEVERE TEST.

"I suppose you have a great many friends?"

"I don't know," answered the man who seems popular. "I have never yet tried to get a note indorsed."—*Washington Star.*

NO, ALONZO, a man is not necessarily simple because he leads the simple life.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"ON EVERY TONGUE"

I. W. Harper Rye

Most Popular Because It's The Best

SOLD BY Leading Dealers

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST

GRAND HOTEL RONAI
Most Comfortably Equipped.
Radium Sulphur Mud Baths
PÖSTYÉN, Hungary

CHEW...
Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin
Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-Sickness.
All Others are Imitations.

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ROOFS
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ARTICULAR
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Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Sixty Miniature Reproductions.

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New York

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

After SHAVING use

POND'S EXTRACT

Nothing else is so soothing and so beneficial to the skin. Nothing else is so

REFRESHING and HEALING

Refuse all substitutes. Many are adulterated with active poisons.

Insist on having

POND'S EXTRACT

The Standard for 60 Years.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO. Agents 78 Hudson St., New York

"O. K." Say U.S. Pure Food Inspectors.

This MEANS that our Rye and Bourbon Whiskies, after careful analysis by U. S. Government Chemists, are found to COMPLY with the National Pure Food Law. It also MEANS that

Sunny Brook

The Pure Food

Whiskey

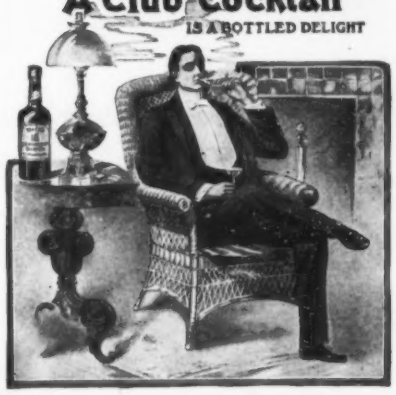
is **"Bottled in Bond"** under the direct supervision of **U.S. Internal Revenue Officers,** who affix over the neck of every bottle of Sunny Brook the Government **"Green Stamp"** guaranteeing **Age, Purity** and **Quantity.**

Of the hundreds of samples analyzed by the North Dakota Pure Food Department chemists—acknowledged to be the most rigid in the U. S.—Sunny Brook was the **only** whiskey found **NORMAL.**

Sold by all first-class dealers

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

Hartford New York London

REDUCED.

Miss Oldun has been 30
For seven years or more;
She's shop-worn now and has herself
Marked down to 24.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A SAFE CONCLUSION.

When the girl's father says no it is pretty safe to conclude he isn't merely trying to get himself teased.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

CARRYING WEIGHT.

BILL.—A camel can easily carry on its back four times as much as a horse can carry.

JILL.—Why don't somebody present Secretary Taft with a camel?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SOMEWHAT STINGY.

"What a stingy fellow old Groucherly is!"

"Stingy? That's hardly a name for his complaint. Why, if he owned a flower store he would worry himself to death because the people who passed might get whiffs of fragrance without paying him for them."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An easy way to get money is to inherit it.

Sharp men know that cutting remarks do not pay.

Many a woman who looks like an angel forgets to act like one.

In relating his experiences a man usually poses as his own hero.

It's tough even on the six-footer when he has one foot in the grave.

Most people seem to enjoy coming out of a church more than they do going in.

It's to a man's credit if he can truthfully say that his credit is good.

Any woman can make a dollar go so far that her husband will never see it again.

Some people, after expressing the wish to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, let it go at that.

When a girl invites a young man to her home for dinner, and he is told that she did the cooking, it's time for him to sit up and take notice.—*Chicago Daily News.*

DEAD SURE.

"I sent ten cents for that sure way to beat the races."
"Wot d'yer git back?"
"A nice, neat card with 'Keep away from the track' printed on it."

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

Pears'

Learn to say "Pears'" when you ask for soap. There are other soaps, of course, but Pears' is best for you and matchless for the complexion.

You can buy Pears' everywhere.

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Substitutes are Dear at any Price.

Advertising in PUCK costs more than in other Humorous Publications.

And there is a Reason.

PUCK is the **Best Humorous Publication** in America, and the best is always the highest-priced. We don't ask you to take our word for it. We invite comparisons.

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PUCK, NEW YORK

Garrick Club

Whiskey

The Whiskey Without a Peer

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

IF YOU KNEW DAD!

It is on Decoration Day that my Pa swells with pride,
And talks in words of fire of the gallant men who died
A-saving of their country in the dark days of the war—
He seems the bravest mortal that a feller ever saw.
Why, you'd think he'd been a colonel or a general, maybe,
And in the very fore rank of his cheering soldiers he
Had won a hundred battles, perhaps been wounded bad!
But, No, you wouldn't think so, if you knew dad!

Ma says, "Pa's brave enough, I 'low, but he's so mortal slow
That when he'd got his courage up there was no war, you know."
And Pa looks daggers, and remarks, "Matilda, you must own
You begged me not to go because you 'as 'fraid to stay alone,
You know," adds Pa, quite proudly, "I'd have enlisted, too,
But you said it was my duty plain to stay and care for you."
Of course I wasn't living then—I only wish I had.
But I have my opinion, for I know dad!—*Woman's Home Companion.*

WONDERS OF TRANSIT.

I wonder why, when in a car,
The vacant seat by me
Is just the one the pretty girl
Should always fail to see;
And why, if it's a frowsled girl
With wad of gum and squint,
She starts to reach that very seat
As fast as she can sprint.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

HANDED HER A BUNCH.

EVA.—Yes, indeed, the bride wore orange blossoms, but no thanks to her rival.

KATHARINE.—And what did her rival do?

EVA.—Why, her rival sent her a bouquet of lemon blossoms.—*Chicago Daily News.*

BOSH.—I knew a man once who could see with his eyes closed.

JOSH.—He probably looked out of his eye teeth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EVANS' ALE

There is no other Ale like Evans'.

It is an honestly brewed ale, carefully bottled by its makers.

Its Rich, Mellow Flavor, Sparkling Brilliancy and Creamy Froth make it distinctive and delightful.

It is a satisfying and health-promoting beverage.

It affords the means of securing the best ale in the world at the most reasonable cost.

Get it from any dealer Anywhere.

HAMMERS.—Do you usually take a spring medicine?

TABBS.—Yes.

HAMMERS.—What is it?

TABBS.—My wife's advice.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME MEN get quite a reputation for being widely read by spending an hour or two every now and then with a dictionary of quotations.—*Somerville Journal.*

MONEY may not purchase love and happiness, but it will buy foreign titles. —*Chicago Daily News.*

NOBLE MAN.

"Oh, Mr. Loveleigh," says the beautiful and flirtatious damsel to the young man with whom she is walking in the woodland bower, "what a charmingly romantic spot this is! One would think that a man strolling here with a girl would be tempted to kiss her, and that she could not resist him!"

She hangs her head demurely, and he says, with the light of glad inspiration in his eyes:

"That's right! If you will excuse me I will go and ask my fiancee to come here and stroll with me."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

EVERYTHING in the way of trouble comes to those who mate.—*Chicago Daily News.*

NO MINISTER has yet advanced the idea that he could crowd his church by providing straps for his hearers to hang to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE REAL QUESTION.

MAJUH BLOODGOOD.—This man Burbank is a wonderful man, seh. He can make red blackberries and pitless prunes and apricots as big as apples, seh.

COLONEL RYEGRASS.—But can he make a julip like *that*, seh?

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

SMELL IT?

"Where is your automobile department?" asked the man entering the big department store.

"Follow your nose," replied the clerk near the door.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Rub it on your feet night and morning—that's all. Use after shaving. Don't think that some other foot powder will do just as well—it won't. No other Powder is like it. RED CROSS FOOT POWDER will absolutely allay all tenderness, soreness, aching, itching, swelling, smarting, burning feet. It will also remove and prevent soft corns.

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Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, and $1.00 a box.

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USE THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEALING POWDER

FREE Send **Your Own** and Your Nearest **Shoe Dealer's** Name and Address **on a Postal** and We Will Give You a Complete Set of Our Latest **WONDERFUL MAGIC POST CARDS FREE**

RIGHT MAKES might. Right makes might. Right makes might. Perhaps if you say it over to yourself times enough, you may get to believe it.—*Somerville Journal.*

ON THE RUN.

PARISIAN.—You haf seen Paree before, Monsieur?

JONES *(of New York)*.—No, I merely passed through it on the way to somewhere else. The last time, you know, I was with a Personally Conducted tour.

PUCK PROOFS :: PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK

ONLY FIVE MINUTES WALK TO THE STATION.
By E. Frederick.
Photogravure in Carbon Black, 15 x 19 in. *PRICE ONE DOLLAR.*

WHEW!
"If this isn't the hottest day we've had, I'll eat my hat."
By Merle Johnson.
Photo Gelatine Print, 8 x 12 in. *PRICE 25 CENTS.*

HIS STATION AND FOUR ACES.
By Gordon H. Grant.
Photogravure in Carbon Black, 15 x 19 in. *PRICE ONE DOLLAR.*

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THE PUCK PRESS

HOW TO MAKE JURY DUTY POPULAR.

FOREMAN OF JURY *(in the Jury Room-as-it-should-be)*.— Now, what's the use of saying we can't agree on a verdict? We've been out only seventy-two hours. Have a drink on the State and we'll talk it over comfortably.